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NATIONAL REVIEW

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December 15, 1956

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

What Would Taft Have Thought?

FORREST DAVIS

European Days of Decision

F. A. VOIGT

Brink of Peace

AN EDITORIAL

Articles and Reviews by · · · · · · JOHN CHAMBERLAIN
JAMES BURNHAM · WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM · L. BRENT BOZELL
WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR. · SAM M. JONES · MURRAY N. ROTHBARD

For the Record

A national research organization which surveyed high school seniors in 86 communities on behalf of future employers found that 61 per cent of the students held the profit motive unnecessary for the survival of the American system; 60 per cent said the worker should not produce all he could; 55 per cent favored the Marxist tenet, "From each according to his ability, to each according to his need."

Suez reaction: The cost of buying and sending oil to Europe from the Western Hemisphere to take up the slack until the Suez Canal can be put back into shape will range between $500 million and $1 billion. . . . The British Ford, the French Simca and the Swedish Volvo automobile plants are cutting back production in anticipation of declining sales. . . . The U.S. Navy now plans to reactivate 39 tankers and oilers of the mothball fleet.

Still incomplete latest figures on the States Rights tickets (including both T. Coleman Andrews and Harry Byrd): 289,801 votes . . . . The U.S. Chamber of Commerce, in a program submitted to the House Subcommittee on Internal Revenue, recommended across-the-board income tax cuts, elimination of double taxation on dividends and more liberal depreciation allowances. . . . The Illinois Supreme Court has upheld a law under which state employees who refuse to sign an anti-Communist oath can be fired.

Soviet Russia rejected the Yugoslav protest against the abduction of former Hungarian Premier Imre Nagy on the grounds that "the Soviet Union does not interfere in Hungary's internal affairs.". . . The USSR lost 320 tanks in the Hungarian fighting.

Soviet brutality in Hungary continues to stir European intellectuals. British novelist J. B. Priestly, one-time chairman of the Writers Section of the Society for Cultural Relations with the Soviet Union, denounced the "power maniacs" in control of the Soviet Union. . . . Edouard Herriot and Francois Mauriac have resigned from the France-USSR Association. . . . One hundred French writers, artists and journalists, including Pierre Hervé, former editor of the Communist Humanité, have split off from the Communist Party to form their own "Working Class Movement."

The University of Moscow is reliably reported to have been closed for one day following the distribution by Russian students of BBC news items on Hungary. . . . Workers at the Kaganovich ballbearing plant in Moscow pulled the first strike reported in Russia since World War Two.

The International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, with 55,000,000 members in 83 countries, has called on its affiliates to sever all relations with Soviet trade unions. . . . French Socialists took a walk from the international Socialist meeting in Copenhagen after British labor leader Hugh Gaitskell introduced a motion condemning the Egyptian invasion. Reason: they objected to being censured for the sake of British internal politics.

Christmas sales this year (exclusive of cars) are expected to top last year's by 7 per cent. . . . The Passport Division reports that the chief overseas traveler is the American housewife. Students come next, then clerk-typists and secretaries.

America's gross national product rose to a record annual rate of nearly $414 billion in the third quarter of 1956. . . . The Agriculture Department predicts an advance in food prices during the next four or five months. . . . The farm income for 1956 is estimated at $11.7 billion, the first substantial increase since 1951.

Belligerently anti-American Aneurin Bevan is emerging as the foreign policy spokesman in Labor's "shadow cabinet" in England. . . . The British Government has voted to decontrol rents on higher priced housing which to date have been pegged, some to 1939 levels, some to 1914 levels.

In best 1984 fashion, the Egyptian Ministry of Education announced that it would rewrite all French and English books and syllabuses now in use in Egyptian schools and obliterate from them "any trace connected with Britain and France and their history."

NATIONAL
REVIEW
A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

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The WEEK

● Used as we are to soft talk from military men, we doubly welcome Admiral Radford's recent remarks on war and peace. Freedom, he said, is worth "more than peace or wealth or life itself"; and, that being the case, not all war is bad or all peace good—particularly, he added, when we remember that peace often represents the triumph of "deception, chicanery and expediency" over the "morally right."

● In answer to a question about furnishing economic aid to the nations of Eastern Europe, Secretary of State Dulles bettered the previous Anglo-Saxon record for understatement: "As far as Hungary is concerned, there is not yet satisfactory evidence that those who profess to be the Government of Hungary in fact are responsive to the wishes and the desires of the people to a degree which would make it profitable for us to talk about such matters with them."

● In an apparently well documented study published by the *Herald Tribune*, Robert S. Bird and Tom Lambert have made an alarming comparison between Soviet and U.S. air power. While the relative strength of the two forces as of today is in dispute, their figures show that the *rate of growth* of Soviet air power is higher than that of ours. If this disparity continues, eventual Soviet air superiority is of course inevitable. Messrs. Bird and Lambert assign much of the blame to the Pentagon's excessive bureaucratic delays in making firm decisions, which prolong the "lead time" between the idea for a new plane and its actual production to as much as eight years in this country as against four or five in the Soviet Union. And there is little chance of improvement in the atmosphere of businessman's lethargy that, from the office of the Secretary of Defense, dominates Pentagon operations.

● Adlai Stevenson declared in a formal statement last week: "I will not run again for the Presidency." As we go to press there have been no reports of a grass roots campaign to induce him to change his mind. We hope that Mr. Stevenson means it, and that before long he will also drop his announced intention of remaining politically active in the working leadership of the Democratic Party. As a private citizen Mr. Stevenson is a civilized and pleasant member of the community. As a political force he would have been a disaster if he had not been such a fizzle. Still, come 1960 and the Democratic candidate that 1960 may bring, we on our side may be glancing back at Mr. Stevenson with more than a touch of nostalgia.

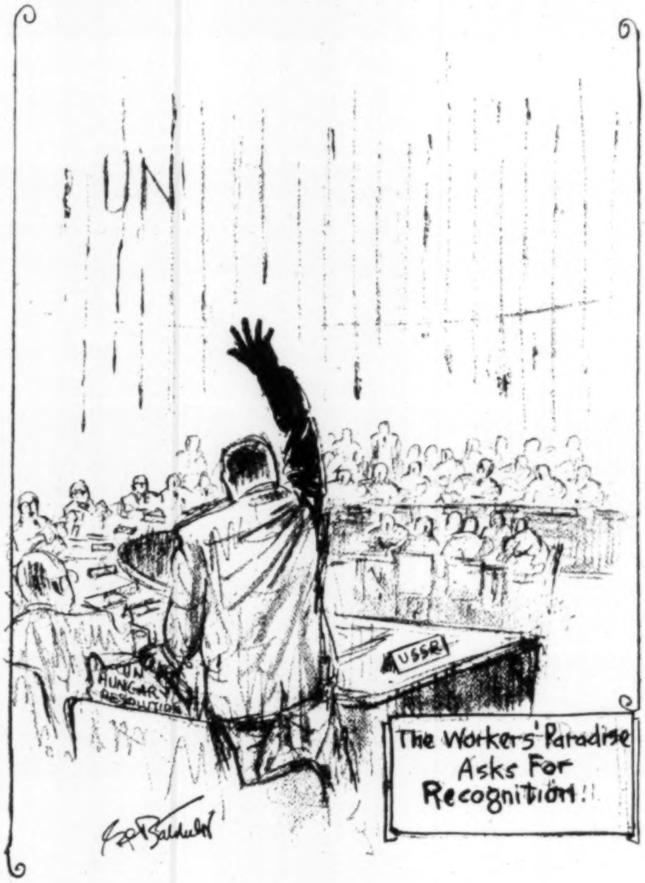
- Senator John W. Bricker will introduce again, in the forthcoming session of Congress, the text of an amendment to bring the treaty-making power of the Executive within the framework of the Constitution. At the last session, the vote in the Senate (60 to 31 in favor of the amendment) was only one short of the required two-thirds. Senator Bricker has again revised the wording, with the dual aim of meeting any legitimate objection that this amendment might improperly handicap the President in the conduct of foreign affairs. At the same time, the new wording blocks the road to unconstitutional domestic legislation foisted on the nation through treaties and executive agreements.

- The Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, meeting in Honolulu, has been holding hearings on the Communist infiltration of that strategic island possession and prospective state. The major Hawaii trade unions, gripped in a stranglehold by the Harry Bridges machine, have brazenly defied the committee's authority. They have staged strikes and sitdowns, and their officials, mimeographed instructions in hand, have used the Fifth Amendment in refusing to answer all questions bearing on Communist activity. NATIONAL REVIEW expects to publish a report on this affair, which has serious strategic as well as political significance for the future.

- The Administration's soil bank scheme is all too likely, over the long pull, to increase the surpluses it is intended to prevent. The idle land, enriched by rest, is brought back into production the moment the contract year is over—and a different piece is put to rest (to get rich for the following year). Well, the Administration, accepting the logic of an absurd position, is out now to stop this foolishness—by paying the farmer a 10 per cent bonus to, please, leave this year's idle land idle next year too. Question: Will there ever be an end to it? Answer: No.

- The committee of the Norwegian Storting responsible for the Alfred Nobel Peace Prizes has decided, rather sensibly, to skip the 1956 award. For if 1956 has proved anything that still wanted proving, it has proved the intellectual and moral bankruptcy of the Liberal-Pacifist sentimentalism that has always presided over the choice of recipients of the awards, and has brought international affairs to their present state. Pending a shift in world opinion that would make General Curtis Le May the obvious candidate, not some peacemonger like Dwight Eisenhower or Adlai Stevenson or Pandit Nehru—the less said about Nobel Peace Prizes the better.

- Among those clamoring for admission to the U.S. last week were Lucky Luciano and a dozen other deported racketeers now living in Naples. In a letter to President Eisenhower they urged that Congress enact special legislation permitting their return to the U.S. on the grounds that they were suffering "cruel and unusual punishment." The Italian police, it seems, has kept Lucky and the boys under careful surveillance since their arrival in Napoli. Wait till the American Civil Liberties Union hears about this!


UN
UN HUNGARY RESOLUTION
USSR
The Workers' Paradise Asks For Recognition!
Baldwin

Brink of Peace

In spite of a little surface trouble here and there, the international situation is in promising shape and getting better day by day. We have this on the highest, or next to highest, authority: Secretary of State John Foster Dulles said so in his most recent press interview, following a visit with the President.

The circumstances were auspicious for what the papers called the "optimism" of host and visitor. For two hours they coexisted in the peaceful atmosphere of the Augusta National Golf Club. The interview was held in the appropriately named Bon Air Hotel.

"Recent events have created some strain," the Secretary admitted, "between members of the North Atlantic Treaty." But these have now been overcome by "constructive measures." Although he was not willing to comment on events in Syria, Mr. Dulles was firm in declaring that "anybody must be indeed far gone in pessimism if he thinks that the danger of war in the area today is as great as it was a month ago."

As for Hungary, it has "freshly demonstrated" the aforementioned need for "constructive measures to overcome such differences as have existed." Meanwhile, Mr. Dulles felt, until we are sure that the Hungarian government is "responsive," we might consider the possibility of perhaps having our new ambassador—whose name, however, Mr. Dulles had forgotten—delay his presentation of credentials.

At this rate Mr. Dulles ought to have a lengthy run in his new starring role as Favorite World Diplomat of the British Labor Party and all the other Socialist dreamers of the Old World.

Whose Police Force?

The multi-national UN police force, now gathering along the Suez Canal, came into existence through Washington's initiative. Many persons, including some who are in general rather skeptical about the United Nations, consider this strange new army a neat device for getting us out of some very deep holes. In his column this week Mr. Bozell discusses how Senator Knowland has been swinging in favor of it as the State Department's earlier enthusiasm has cooled.

Even in terms of the UN Charter, however, the present UN contingent is on a questionable foundation. According to the Charter, the effective powers of the UN's organization are vested exclusively in the Security Council. The Assembly is given only a debating and advisory role. The reason for this, as everyone knows, is that the great powers quite properly insisted on a veto power on basic questions, which they retain in the Security Council. They were not willing to entrust their ultimate security to a haphazard majority of miscellaneous nations and semi-nations such as might form in the Assembly. The UN veto power was not "a Russian plot." President Roosevelt, who negotiated the UN treaty for us, the Senate that confirmed it, and American public opinion as a whole were as insistent on the veto power as was Moscow.

But it is the Assembly, not the Council, that voted the present police force, which operates in a kind of juridical vacuum. No mission has been assigned to it. The assumption seems to be that it is subject to the command of the Secretary General, Dag Hammarskjold. What if he orders his army to attack the British at Port Said? Or the Israelis at Gaza? Or the Egyptians, for that matter?

Or what if the Assembly some day, by majority vote, sets up another army to enforce the UN conception of human rights in Alabama? Or to support a Puerto Rican revolutionary group that demands independence? Or a Central American junta that applies for membership in the Soviet Union?

This UN army idea needs careful watching.

Next Step: Nonpartisan Action

Representative John W. McCormack of Massachusetts, the majority leader in the House, has condemned in a sharp, detailed statement what he called the Administration's appeasement of Moscow.

"It is the inactivity of the U.S. leadership," he observed, "its attitude of an aggrieved but thoroughly passive spectator, which creates doubts in the minds of other free nations, and which gives the Kremlin and men like Kadar courage to proceed further."

Mr. McCormack called for a number of specific actions, along much the same lines as those demanded by Senator William Knowland, Republican leader of the Senate (NATIONAL REVIEW, Dec. 8).

This coincidence of views would seem to offer a perfect occasion for proper nonpartisan action. We would like to see offered at the start of the new session of Congress a Knowland-McCormack Joint Resolution putting Congress firmly behind the proposals for political action on the East European crisis that have already been placed on public record by these two men speaking as individuals.

Some Recent Intelligence

Suez

NATIONAL REVIEW has had direct access to certain information concerning the Anglo-French Suez operation, some of which we believe can usefully be made part of the public record.

1. In both Britain and France, the military commands were the initial and primary advocates of the Suez action.

2. Premier Guy Mollet drew back at first, chiefly because of his doubt that he could carry his own (Socialist) party with him.

3. The dual decision on military intervention was made definite by August 15.

4. Such liaison as there was with Israel was at the very highest political level only and did not extend to the operational level.

5. There was no official liaison with the U. S.

6. The military schedule was unnecessarily prolonged by an overestimation of Egyptian resistance. In particular, the speed with which the parachute troops secured their objectives would have made it

possible for the seaborne units to land a day and a half earlier.

7. Israel's objectives were: a) to destroy the bases from which *fedayeen* and other guerrilla operations were being mounted; b) to destroy the Egyptian armed forces east of the Canal; and c)—not least—to acquire large armament stocks.

8. The military command believed that it could have taken control of the entire Canal in, approximately, another forty-eight hours.

9. The military command favored going ahead to that purpose.

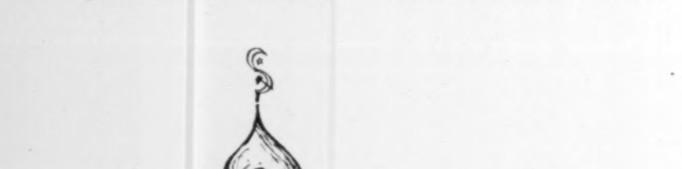
10. The Anglo-French political leaders had anticipated the negative attitude of the smaller nations and of the Soviet Union. They knew that the public attitude of the United States would also be unfavorable. They had grossly miscalculated the degree of the U.S. reaction. With the U.S. standing aside, or confining its response to verbal declarations, England and France would have accepted the Soviet risk. But the political leaders felt that they could not proceed in the face of a solid Soviet-U.S. front against them.

11. In accepting the cease-fire, the British gave way first, after which the French had no choice but to go along.

Moscow

NATIONAL REVIEW has also received through a Western diplomat a document which, he has determined to his satisfaction, reproduces a report written by a member of the Hungarian underground the night of November 5, one day after Soviet tanks rolled back into Hungary. The document includes the following:

". . . The Soviet Politburo [Presidium?] met in secret session early in September to discuss a report by three branches of the Soviet intelligence service that extremely important disorders were brewing in Hungary and Poland. One faction in the Politburo insisted that the time had come to go to war in Western Europe. This group argued that the absence of European defensive forces favored such an enterprise. It believed, in addition, that the Americans would not dare use their superarms and that this situation would give Soviet infantry and armored units a decisive advantage over the West in the march to the Atlantic. This faction lost by a feeble majority. The majority, opposed to the idea of war, suggested that a program of liberalization through the use of national-Communists would suffice to put an end to the danger. Khrushchev and Bulganin led this group. . . . Proof of the Politburo meeting was discovered in Budapest during the national uprising. . . ."



"Allah Willing . . ."

What Have They Been Saying?

Western newspapermen are charging Radio Free Europe with having in effect incited the Hungarians to riot. RFE insists that nothing of the sort had gone on; that it had confined itself to reporting "objectively" on developments in the world; and if the mere reporting of developments in the West causes people to rise up against their aggressors, what was RFE to do about it?

Western Europeans—who in criticizing our failure to take a liberation position on the satellites speak out of a long residence in glass houses—contend that the United States had, in context, by innuendo, and in emphasis, given the underground movements of the satellite nations substantial reason to hope that, when the Day came, American help would be there, to see the thing through.

We believe that the subject has momentous implications. We recommend that either the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate or the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House subpoena transcripts or recordings of the broadcasts beamed in the past two years by Radio Free Europe to Hungary, and examine that material carefully. Here are some factors to bear in mind:

1. Continuing supervision by American officials of the day-to-day content of radio broadcasts is obviously not feasible. For the most part, RFE engages refugees to man its broadcasting outposts. Language barriers get in the way of a continuous supervision of their work. Conceivably, the refugees get carried

away by events that fire their imagination. Do they, finding themselves dissatisfied merely to report on other peoples' enjoyment of freedom, go on to urge their listeners to partake of such joys?

2. Radio Free Europe advertises itself as a private organization—and, in fact, is in part supported by private funds—and therefore enjoys the flexibility that derives from an ambiguous status. Just how much of the money for RFE comes from the United States Government? The presumption is that most of it does. In Europe it is widely assumed that Radio Free Europe exactly expresses the established foreign policy of the United States. Does it? Or—as is more likely—is it used by the Government to float trial balloons? Is it a stalking-horse for the more adventurous ideas of the CIA? If so, are these cute distinctions absolutely clear to members of the Hungarian Underground, who may not have had the time to think through the meaning of these niceties?

3. What *is* it proper, morally and politically, for a radio station of the West to say to the imprisoned people of the East? That we will not move an inch to help them? That we accept the legitimacy of their oppressor's puppet government? That we recognize those governments because there is no diplomatic alternative? Or because we are resigned to the fact that, in the words of George Kennan, there is a "finality" about their domination by the Soviet Union?

An investigation that took these questions into account would well warrant the time spent by a congressional committee. As for the money to finance the investigation, we feel sure it could be raised by the Hungarian Underground in twenty-four hours.

Hungary and Human Rights

With a sense of timing even more grotesque than usual, the State Department recently sent out a memorandum to newspapers suggesting that they devote some of their space on December 10 to the celebration of "Human Rights Day." It was on December 10 a couple of years ago—in case you have forgotten—that our global fathers, gathered together in the General Assembly of the United States, brought forth (the Soviet Union *and* Yemen concurring) that monstrosity, the "Declaration of Human Rights."

The document, which is in substantial conflict with our own battered, bloody but not yet quite wholly bowed Constitution and Declaration of Independence, has no legal status whatever in the United States. It was not even approved by the UN's legally effective body, the Security Council. It was not negotiated in normal course by our President. It was not confirmed by the Senate, nor voted as domestic law by Congress as a whole. In short, it is just another piece of globalist-collectivist drivel; and it is egregious effrontery on the part of the State Department to ask Americans to do anything better than wipe their shoes with it.

The Hungary Pledge

The Soviet regime having by the Hungarian massacre demonstrated once again its isolation from the moral community, I pledge that until all Soviet troops and police are withdrawn from Hungary, I will enter into no economic, social, political or cultural relations with that regime, or any of its domestic adherents or institutions, or with any Soviet citizens abroad (since these must act whether voluntarily or not as representatives of the regime), or with any persons or institutions freely condoning the Hungarian massacre, except for the sole purpose of persuading such individuals to defect.

(Signed)————————————

This comment holds for last year, and next, but the context of December *1956* adds a dimension of horror to the State Department's suggestion. The public relations officer of the Department's UN section apparently sticks so close to his desk that he has failed to read the news from Hungary.

With even a moment on the headlines he could have discovered that this is the year and the season when, in a mode as cynical and brutal as history records, the most basic human rights are being ground under the tanks of our UN colleague, the Soviet Union (ardent supporter of the Declaration of Human Rights, it goes without saying). And this is the year when the General Assembly that so boldly voted the Declaration has not raised even a unanimous voice, much less an ounce of serious effort, to defend these trampled rights.

For the cause of human rights, let December 10, 1956, be signalled in its true meaning: as a black and shameful day.

For those who do believe in human rights—rather than in Declarations of Human Rights—we reproduce above the Hungary Pledge to give expression to their own moral stand.

(If you desire to subscribe formally to the Hungary Pledge, please sign the text, cut it out, and mail it to us, or directly to the American Friends of the Captive Nations, 62 W. 45th St., New York 36, N.Y. Or write or type a facsimile of the pledge; or send in to the American Friends of the Captive Nations for a copy of it.)

NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

Foggy Bottom Gets the Jitters

The idea of a permanent UN police force is finding considerably less favor in the State Department than a month ago when President Eisenhower was talking about it publicly—and this for roughly the same reasons that have brought Senator Knowland to support the idea.

When the Middle East exploded on October 29, the Department suddenly realized that moral suasion was not going to solve all of its problems for it. And since it was opposed to the use of national force as a matter of principle, the value of a standing international force loomed increasingly large. Concretely, such a force would patrol disputed areas like the Gaza strip; moreover, its potential deployment on behalf of an attacked power might deter a military venture such as that launched by Britain and France. Most important of all: in every situation where the U.S. might prefer to rely on force, the UN could wield it for purposes that are, *ex hypothesi,* "peaceful."

But the State Department's reasoning applied to disputes involving Western and uncommitted powers. Whereas Senator Knowland has proposed that a UN force be used in a situation directly involving the USSR.

Senator Knowland wants to help Eastern Europeans achieve freedom, and wants to exploit the Hungary-type situation to the advantage of the West. For these purposes, he favors a "UN emergency force" that could respond "within 24 hours" to a call for help from a rebellious satellite nation. In short, he wants the UN to be used as a free world weapon against the Soviet Union.

Precisely because this kind of role is being staked out for it by American and European liberationists, many State Department officials now want to shelve the standing army project. The dangers, as they see them, are two—the first of which cannot be fully appreciated without an understanding of changes in U.S. policy aims in Middle Europe.

The method has not yet been decided upon; but a new long-term U.S. objective is now in the process of adoption: to disengage Western and Soviet military forces in Europe. The State Department sees as a real possibility—and fears desperately—another uprising in Eastern Europe. Worse still, the chances favor its occurring in East Germany because of economic conditions, the continued reign of "Stalinists" and the strong possibility of aid from West Germans. A revolution in East Germany would find the Soviet Union making war against a people fighting for their freedom directly across a border guarded by the U.S. Army, a border that would vanish should West Germans rush to the aid of their fellow-countrymen. The consequences of the U.S. either acting or not acting in such situation are, in the eyes of the Department, to be avoided at all costs—from which it follows that the U.S. must take steps, the neutralization of Germany being the most logical, to prevent the situation from arising. *So that the significance of the Hungarian revolution is not merely that the U.S. failed to implement its highly-touted liberation policy when rebellion occurred, but that the transformation of rebellion from hypothesis to reality so terrified U.S. policy-makers as to lead them to support measures which would insure integrity of the Communist empire.*

Under the premises of a disengagement policy, the creation of a standing UN army is clearly a step in the wrong direction. Recent evidence from Hungary suggests that the general strike against Kadar's regime has been sustained, in large part, by hopes that the UN resolutions on Hungary will somehow produce UN intervention. Incentive for a future revolt would be even greater, were a UN military force in existence that had been advertised by Knowland and others as an Eastern European rescue squad. Moreover, should such a force be dispatched by the UN to the scene of the next revolt, the very clash between Western and Soviet forces that the State Department wants at all costs to prevent would probably occur.

The second danger, as U.S. officials see it, is to the UN itself. Perhaps the chief reason the UN has survived as long as it has is that little has been expected of it. For its own sake, it has been kept pretty much on the sidelines of the conflict between the free world and the Soviet Union. But should world opinion assign to the UN the mission of peacemaking within the Soviet empire, and should the UN back away when the chips are down (as it probably would), the UN might well be through.

The threat to the UN would be no less grave should it order its army to the front in a future satellite rebellion. For next to its weakness, the UN's greatest asset is its impartiality. If it should take the West's side in a critical contest with the Soviet Union, the Communist world would, in fairly short order, turn on it since the UN would then have ceased to be useful as an instrument of Soviet policy. And without Communist participation, the UN would become a mere adjunct of the Western alliance.

Senator Knowland's proposal holds a good deal of merit, however, under non-State Department premises, namely: 1) that disruption of the Communist empire rather than preservation of it is the path to U.S. victory and 2) that the UN is expendable, especially if it were to expire in the cause of freedom. To be sure, UN units would embark on an Eastern European rescue mission with only the vaguest notion of what they were to do once they arrived. But they would be there—within the Soviet empire; and chances are that for a while Soviet indecision and confusion would match the UN's. The West would thereby have opportunities for maneuver that otherwise are unavailable.

Senator Knowland, in other words, has spotted the one situation in which the UN can be useful to the free world. Not only useful, but indispensable; for at the present time free world intervention in Eastern Europe is inconceivable save in the guise of a UN "peace mission."

from WASHINGTON *straight*

A NEWSLETTER

SAM M. JONES

No Tax Relief

There will be flamboyant gestures but no actual tax reduction in the coming session of Congress. For one thing, neither the Democrats, who control Congress, nor the Republicans, who have the White House, need to buy votes in the next session. The next congressional election is in November 1958.

For another thing, the federal government is very likely to spend more in the fiscal year starting next July 1. How much is the best guarded secret in Washington at present. It will be partly revealed in January when President Eisenhower sends his message to Congress.

The big bulge in spending will come in the military budget. This fiscal year the armed services are spending about $41 billion. The most reliable grapevine says they are now asking for an additional $8 billion for the next fiscal year. Considering the European mess, they will have a sympathetic congressional ear. The military always ask for the moon, and get part of it. So this year they'll probably get an additional $2 billion.

Tax reduction, as you may have forgotten, was one of the issues in the recent election campaign. The Democratic hope, Mr. Stevenson, promised to reduce taxes while at the same time promising to give more federal aid to large groups of people. He did a very neat political waltz around the question where the money would come from.

Mr. Eisenhower's approach to the problem was much less Utopian. He placed the reduction of the national debt ahead of tax reduction, which, he said, "couldn't be classed as something around the corner." Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey has been more specific. He will oppose tax reduction, he has said, until there is an annual surplus of three to four billion dollars.

Treasury tabs say that the federal government will take in $700 million more than it will be spending in this fiscal year. Such small surpluses Mr. Humphrey intends to apply to the debt. His continuing worry is how to put a restraining lasso on the neck of the inflation bronco. Any tax cut would put more money into people's pockets—and that would mean more spending, higher prices, a cheaper dollar—and less value for all savings.

Two events last week have held Humphrey's attention in his drive to control the somewhat rubbery dollar he inherited from the days of Morgenthau and Snyder. First: the hearings before the House Ways and Means Committee on the excise tax. Good cases have been made before the committee for eliminating the wartime excise taxes. But if these were dropped the federal government would stand to lose income in a year when the Administration will be forced to approve even more spending. Secondly: Humphrey is sure to keep a wary eye on the results of the permission granted banks to raise their interest rate on savings to 3 per cent. This is just a hopeful gesture from Washington. The hope is that more people will want to save money.

Meanwhile it isn't the Washington tax man alone who is putting the bite on earnings. The rest of the story is by the Tax Foundation of New York. They came up this week with a complete report on all government tax spending—federal, state, county, city, town. They report that the complete government take from the taxpayers is exactly one-fourth of everything earned; and this runs from the price of steel ingots to the price of cleaning a suit. This fiscal year the federal government will take about $69 billion out of the taxpayers' purses, but the take of all the other government units will bring the total tax bill up to $114 billion.

Of course, the tax bite on earnings is only the annual story of what government seems to be costing. Behind it lies a debt so large today that every baby is born owing the government $1,939 before he lets out his first howl. If he is a member of a family of four, his papa will represent a government debt of $7,738.

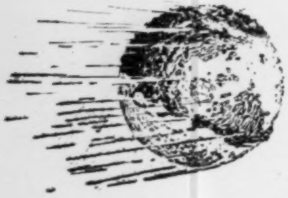
SRO

Barring any imminent threat of atomic attack, the nation's capital will, by mid-January, be like the famed city on the Tiber to which all roads once reputedly led. This is the story, according to District of Columbia experts on transportation, rooms and restaurants. Mr. Eisenhower's second inauguration, in their opinion, promises to break all attendance records. Hotels are already deluged with advance reservations and nearly all have waiting lists. Air lines, railroads and bus companies anticipate a business of more than capacity.

On December 4, the Parade Committee announced that tickets for the inaugural parade were ready for distribution to the general public at prices ranging from $3.50 to $10. The parade, which will be held the day following the formal inauguration, January 21, will be held down to two hours instead of the four-hour schedule of 1952. No tickets will be delivered before January 1, and the committee is confident that all available seats will be bought by that time.

Most hotels are giving their regular customers a priority rating, but they are being subjected to the pressures of VIP's and the friends of friends of Eisenhower or Nixon. The ceremonies at the Capitol on January 20 are free to anyone who can get within blocks of the scene when Supreme Court Justice Warren administers the oath of office. Almost anyone can be invited to (or crash) one or more cocktail parties. The balls are another matter. One-eyed Connally at his best never got by the Secret Service.

Not everyone can be here, but anyone who wants to can catch the pageant on TV or radio in home comfort and at no expense, or he can go to bed with a good book—Gibbon, for example—and meditate on the destiny of empires.



The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

Re-Stalinization?

Since the Hungarian massacre by Soviet arms, the resurgence of Molotov, and the resumption of a brutal tone in Kremlin statements, there has been much talk about "re-Stalinization."

Let us observe, first, that the meaning of "*de*-Stalinization" was rather generally misinterpreted. Our chronic optimists believed that it argued, in sum, an abandonment of the world revolution, a softening of both inward and outward behavior. The regime was settling down. It had decided to try to live with its own citizens by improving their conditions of life, and with the rest of the world by shifting from revolutionary onslaught to a "competitive coexistence."

"De-Stalinization" in that sense occurred only in the heads of our optimists.

Nevertheless, de-Stalinization, correctly defined, has been a reality. It started some time before the 20th Congress, and even before the death of Stalin.

What Stalinism Is

Stalinism, as a special political phenomenon, is a method and structure of rule. Its primary characteristics are the following.

1. *Monolithism.* Under Stalinism, all opposition, ideological as well as organizational, is eliminated. There are no opposition parties, factions, cliques or "tendencies," either within the Soviet Union or anywhere in the world movement. All nations (or other constituent units) belonging to the Stalinist system must pursue an identical policy ("one road to socialism"). There is no public expression of any opposition opinion on any subject of importance. All decisions are formally unanimous.

2. *Police terror.* Stalinist monolithic rule is exercised through an all-pervasive, all-encompassing police terror, making use not only of traditional police and terror methods but of the combination of spies, informers, purges, confessions, trials, psychological pressures, assassinations, genocide, slave camps, etc. developed by the OGPU and its successors.

3. *Pyramidal "chain of command."* The political framework under Stalinism is in the form of a pyramid with a single man at the apex. Lines of authority all lead to and from this apex. The No. 1 need not be literally an "absolute" despot; all rulers must have colleagues and associates. But the system provides, as in an army, an unequivocal Command organization, a mechanism permitting decisions that express the monolithic "line" to flow as from a central switchboard down the converged lines of authority. Whether or not No. 1 actually made the decisions, his certification made them unmistakably valid, and everybody knew the score.

The Breakdown of Stalinism

The Stalinist system developed into its typical form by about 1930, and for two decades it worked, after its fashion. But it never really stabilized, and was always subject to the severe internal tensions to which the scale of the continuing purges and liquidations gave indirect witness.

The Soviet's war and postwar conquests, though in one sense a triumph of Stalinism, also introduced major new sources of strain. The monolithic structure had to be expanded to include a series of new, formerly independent nations that had not undergone a prolonged Communist processing.

The Yugoslav crack in the monolith appeared at about the same time as the Chinese extension, which was never fully integrated with the main Stalinist structure in spite of exhausting efforts.

Meanwhile other stresses built up—from the peasantry throughout the empire, from the general population that wanted more consumer goods, and from the intellectual and managerial groups that wanted a somewhat more relaxed ideological and political regime.

Then Stalin died—or, quite possibly, was murdered. There was no recognized "legitimate" successor. Therefore there followed a disruption of the chain of command that progressively affected the entire pyramid. Since the monolithic unanimity of the system is bound up with the one-man pyramidal command structure, the cracks soon spread to the monolith. There was no longer a single accepted voice that could utter the unchallenged imperatives of "the general line." And, finally, the police terror cannot function with pervasive assurance while there is division in the High Command.

As the partial disintegration at the top spread down the channels of authority, the centrifugal tensions had freer play. These reciprocally affected the leaders at the upper levels, and deepened their divisions.

The mass outbursts in the Vorkuta and other slave camps, in East Germany, Georgia, Kiev, Poznan, Warsaw, Tibet, North Vietnam, Hungary charted the de-Stalinization process, which Khrushchev at the 20th Congress did not initiate but belatedly sought to ride.

De-Stalinization in this—its actual—sense is not something that can be reversed by ordering five thousand tanks to shoot fifty thousand human beings. The presidium earlier ordered tanks into the slave camps and East Germany without halting the spread of still wider cracks on into Poznan and Budapest.

The problem of the internally divided Soviet leadership is not less but much greater than at the moment of Stalin's death. They must reconstruct a new Stalinism—which requires a new Stalin along with a newly cemented monolithism; or they must discover a new mode—if there is one—of organizing a revolutionary Communist totalitarian society.

Their problem is indeed so supremely difficult that they would have no chance at all of solving it unless they were assured, as it seems they can feel assured, of a total lack of interference from our side.

What Would Taft Have Thought?

He would not, in sum, recognize his own party in power, says a journalist who was the friend and collaborator of the late Senator

FORREST DAVIS

The journalistic device which calls for the resurrection of a public figure for the purpose of weighing his known attitudes and bents against the current posture of events is tempting. It affords a certain perspective to the scene. What would the Washington who warned against entangling alliances think of collective security? What would that gifted, iconoclastic son of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment, Jefferson, make of the welfare state? And Lincoln, brooding over the Gettysburg made fortuitously famous by a later President, how would he measure the current disclosures of man's incorrigible inhumanity to man?

In the case of the late Robert Alphonso Taft, austerely entombed on his cherished Indian Hill above the distantly enchanting Ohio, the device is not farfetched. He has not been so long gone. Moreover, he still exists in spirit as the proper foil of that abeyant, timid President who bested him in the faintly disreputable Republican Convention of 1952.

What would "Mr. Republican," that rugged, unsparing, courageous, traditional and nationalistic paladin of the conservative spirit, think of the self-deprecatory "modern Republicanism"? What would he have to say, if happily he were alive, of the irresolute diplomacy which harries our ancient allies over Suez, refusing to demand solutions of the quarrels that produced the incident, while refraining from annoying the enemy of us all over Hungary?

What would Taft, going unillusioned to death's door, objective, capable of a Jovian wrath as well as quiet irony, remark in private concerning the phenomenon of a mythic Eisenhower and the desuetude of the Grand Old Party?

The confrontation of Eisenhower living and Taft dead is appropriate. Actual in 1952, it has an illuminating relevance now. In 1952, Taft stood for responsible, thoughtful, party government in the stable Anglo-Saxon mode. He loomed over his party by virtue of ability, character and principle. His opponent was a personally engaging professional soldier, unused to historical and political generalizations, the nature of his society and the homely practices of civilian politics. Taft lost, Eisenhower won to become in his lifetime (as the November elections manifested) a legend, not Augustan but symbolic of a nation smugly euphoristic and unheroic; a political leader who consciously makes no enemies and whose philosophy, if he has one, may be summed up in the patented inquiry of bandleader Ted Lewis, "Is *everybody* happy?"

Liberal Estimates

Taft, alive, made virulent enemies. Laid in his crypt, Taft has become the anointed conservative of the Liberal, or Egghead; terms fairly interchangeable. As the Liberal posthumously contemplates the undeniable virtues of Taft he ends by dubbing him Robert the Just. Paul G. Hoffman, an Egghead by adoption who was once, we must assume, a politically unversed motor-car salesman but who now luxuriates his spirit in the Sanhedrin of Robert Maynard Hutchins, expressed the belated judgment of his kind in a pre-election article in *Collier's*. Hoffman described the late Senator as an "honest but rigid conservative," a description no wider of the mark than the usual memorial estimate of Taft by the working Liberal.

Honest Taft was, in all the varied uses of the term. Rigid he was not. It would be accurate to say that he was rigid as to principle, elastic as to method and practice. We cannot expect sensible definition from the Egghead. He prefers to ride clichés.

I can do no more than guess why the Liberal has, in his fashion, exalted Taft. The Liberal, having demolished virtually all the living exponents of individualized, traditional liberty or driven them into an apologetic defensive; having butchered McCarthy to make an Egghead holiday; having employed a sanctimonious, Cromwellian absolutism to lay waste all enemies of the Establishment—the Liberal yearns for an antagonist whom he may indulgently flay. His victory has been too comprehensive, too total, with a pliable instrument at the head of affairs and the Old Guard in the thickets of frustration.

Taft supported Eisenhower's legislative program even to the extent of forcing endorsement of Charles E. (Chip) Bohlen's barren ambassadorship to Moscow on an unwilling Senate majority. That fact alone gives his memory kudos with the Establishment. Under such circumstances a study of Taft and how he would view the current anemic welfare statism and foreign policy nihilism may be counted upon to engage the curiosity of the Liberal as well as that of the libertarian (a brazen term containing a sly connotation of libertinism) remnant.

I begin by asserting that Taft would have entertained a full-bodied dislike for the slack, programmatic intellectualizations that make up "modern Republicanism" as revealed by the President and its literary author, Mr. Arthur Larson. Taft was a stout-hearted controversialist. He believed in the partisan utility of black and white and objected to blurring the edges of what it is now fashionable to call the dialogue between the parties. He disdained the expedient technique of stealing the other fellow's clothes while he is in swimming.

Moreover, unlike Woodrow Wilson who deplored the ideologue perhaps because he so often behaved like one, Taft was no ideologue. A pragmatist perhaps, as when he served the Administration faithfully and powerfully as Senate floor leader, but no Middle-of-the-Roader, no trimmer. The Taft who deliberately incurred the hostility of the trade union hierarchy by sponsoring the Taft-Hartley Act, who denounced the *ex post facto* Nuremberg trials at a time when the fires of detestation of Nazi crimes burned hottest, that Taft would never embrace the ideology of welfare statism and call it virtuous.

A nationalist, he never would have shamed and negated our necessitous and necessary trans-Atlantic friends out of what must be an obsessive fear of organized force and fidelity to a sterile phrase concerning aggression.

On the Welfare State

The President spelled out what he chose to call the "philosophy" of "New Republicanism" at his first press conference after burying his pathetically inept adversary at the polls. As phrased in the President's discursive prose, that "philosophy" called for a clear recognition that it is ". . . the responsibility of the federal government to take the lead in making certain that the productivity of our great economic machine is distributed so that no one will suffer disaster, privation through no fault of his own."

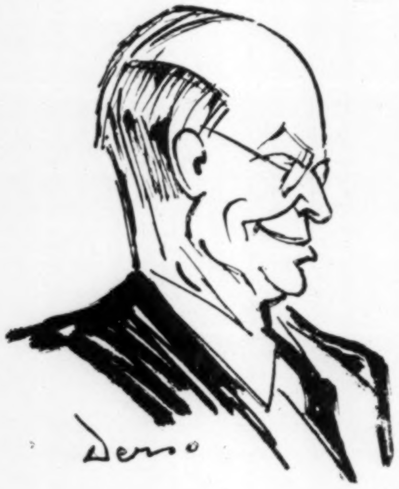
He added, almost as an afterthought:

"Now this covers the wide field of education and health, and so on; but we believe likewise in the free enterprise system. We believe that it is free enterprise that has brought these blessings to America." The "blessings" were not specified.

We may put it down as certain that Taft a) would have thought the President was putting the cart before the horse by mentioning free enterprise after asserting the federal government's obligation to use its manifold powers to shield the citizen from adversity and b) he would, with characteristic flatness, have denied that the federal government has either the right or the obligation to govern the distribution of this world's goods to that end.

To Taft, the citizen was not the ward of a Utopian, even a Fabian, state, but its master.

He had an all but absolute faith in the right and capacity of the citizen to manage his own affairs, including the extraction of his share of the social product and guarding himself and his from privation. He likewise thought the sovereign citizen fully competent to pass upon public questions. In that, he was old-fashioned and democratic somewhat in the Jeffersonian mold. His respect for the citizen sometimes seemed excessive, as when, addressing campaign audiences of 50 as well as 5,000, he insisted upon spelling out the complicated issues of the day in all their statistical detail, sometimes pedantically but always out of a dutiful desire fully to communicate.



I recall a colloquy he had with Dorothy Thompson in 1940. The articulate columnist foresaw a Hitler triumphant in Europe, leagued with a Japan on the march in Asia, dominating a helpless British imperial system and a not too reluctant Latin America, and finally isolating the United States in an encircling world. Taft thought that our vital national interests had not yet been infringed. The dispute raged noisily on Taft's part. He sometimes grew vehement. Miss Thompson visualized a United States carried into the Nazi orbit by expedient or frightened politicians.

"But," protested the Senator, "you don't know the American people. You don't know my neighbors, the farmers in Hamilton County. They are," he shouted, "as independent as a hog on ice and nobody can fool them."

Taft could not conceive of national policy being forged in the long run anywhere except in the polling place. Nor did he hold with beguiling the voter by deceptive promises, half truths, or the strategems and shenanigans of Madison Avenue. He had a low tolerance for slogans and he wrote his own speeches. His campaign staff consisted of a sort of impromptu bureaucracy at headquarters and a spry and biddable young man to see that he kept his schedule and got into the right car in the procession. He carried his own bulging brief case.

Taft accepted the postulates of welfare statism in one notable instance. To the dismay of certain supporters he voted for federal aid to low cost housing, but he did so not because he had embraced the principle that the government owes the citizen well-being from the cradle to the grave but for a cogent reason. It seemed to him that construction workers at $32 a day had priced housing out of the reach of white collar workers at $32 a week. The Roosevelt-Truman regnum had, he thought, intervened in behalf of the construction worker's good fortune. He voted to balance the scale.

The Administration's propensity for filling high administrative posts from the ranks of the industrial managerial class, or type, Taft deplored. Taft plainly saw the difference between the art of governing and the profession of profit-making. During the hiatus between election and inauguration in 1952, when his position was for a time equivocal, Taft's recommendations for high office came from the ranks of men acquainted with the business of political persuasion rather than from the field of big business. Big business, it should be interpolated, never cottoned to Presidential candidate Taft. It could be surmised that, while always hospitable to the claims of business in a business society, he had quite palpably a mind of his own.

His suggestions in that tentative period from November 1952, to January 1953, came to little. He had a lively suspicion that they never broke through the "Commodore crowd" to the President-elect.

Although he served Eisenhower

with more loyalty than was bestowed in return, Taft set no great store on the President's grasp of unfamiliar affairs, his understanding of constitutional questions or the experiential range of our history. He related during the interregnum with a certain dry relish an anecdote illustrative of that point.

It seems that Eisenhower, returning from his promised visit to Korea, was importuned at Hawaii to support statehood. The solicitation was baited by the pledge of two additional Republican Senators. According to Taft's version, the President-elect replied: "Why don't you go ahead and elect those Senators? It will make it easier for me."

The Cincinnati Speech

The President's lack of fidelity to Taft was demonstrated somewhat poignantly in the Senator's final weeks. In his last public speech, a legacy to the American public, the Senator took a realistic view of our strategical requirements in the Western Pacific and depicted the divergence of our Atlantic allies from our necessitous policy in that quarter.

The circumstances of this incident bear relating. Taft had gone to Cincinnati to deliver this address at a dinner of the local Conference of Christians and Jews. But when he arrived in his home town, his physicians ordered him to the hospital for tests and forbade his delivering the speech. He therefore revised a final draft and entrusted it to his son, Robert A. Taft, Jr., to be read at the dinner. There was no time to mimeograph copies for the press. Hence, wire reporters present were required to take down the words as spoken. This being a foreign policy speech of some import, the Senator had told the President about it and had sent a copy of the current draft to the White House three days before departing for Cincinnati.

The speech was noteworthy. It suggested that the time might come when the imperialistic pressures of Red China on our advance line of defense in the Far East might compel us to resist without benefit of European allies. The adverse press, notably the *Washington Post,* treated the Taft exposition as a new expression of "isolationism"; erroneously proclaiming that Taft had advocated "going it alone."

Eisenhower, when asked for comment, accepted this hasty hypothesis, speaking without the delivered text before him. The Senator, soon to be put on crutches, was a little grim about this White House repudiation, making, however, no public rejoinder.

Taft, if alive today, would, we can be certain, sternly object to the sacrifice of England and France with the evidence of solidarity with Soviet objectives that our course implies. He was not infatuated with the syllogism that ends in the concept of peace as an absolute good. The last American statesman to embrace that folly with the attendant renunciation of force as a last recourse of statesmanship was William Jennings Bryan. With Bryan Taft had little in common.

In truth, Taft went along with the fetish of Collective Security warily; he reservedly endorsed our involvement in the United Nations. The Senator was a profoundly educated man, although he took care to conceal that fact. His knowledge of the history of international affairs, with its ironies, its betrayals and disappointments, fortified him against illusion. He knew, with Lord Palmerston, that nations put interest above pledges. He understood without resentment, for example, that in the Western Pacific the British supposed their interest to run counter to our own with respect to China, however intimately we might be linked in a common desire to preserve the Atlantic as an Anglo-American lake. Taft mistrusted British guile based on self-interest but he had no disposition to disturb our fundamental community of idealism and interest.

He knew that in the flux of interest today's enemies may become tomorrow's friends (a situation somewhat mockingly exemplified by the Administration's parallelism with Moscow and Cairo over Suez) but he could face that disturbing fact with urbanity.

Taft had the foresight (along with Herbert Hoover) to understand, even during the fury of conflict in World War II, that the Nazi menace was the lesser of the two totalitarian furies; that Nazism was improvised, superficial, dependent on the perverse genius of an individual and, however revolting to our Western humanitarianism, capable of being put down. The Bolshevik danger seemed to him more monstrous because it sprang from an incalculable and aberrant historical surge such as the drive of the Arabs toward world empire and the westward thrust of the Mongolian khans.

Taft never regarded, as did Franklin D. Roosevelt and Cordell Hull, world Bolshevism as merely another nation similar to England or France. Nor would Taft have misread the intentions of Khrushchev *et al* at Geneva. He would have seen Khrushchev, equally with Stalin, as the expression of a subliminal force, armed with a frenetic will to reduce all mankind to a manageable mass to the greater glory of a demented elite and a false doctrine of man and his destiny.

Taft never would have scrapped the Atlantic alliance in the presence of that danger out of pique with uncommunicative allies, to uphold a stereotyped definition of aggression or through a simple fear of war. Once an "isolationist," or so he was termed, the late Senator would not have been one with what the German Foreign Minister, von Brentano, describes as the "neo-isolationism" of this Administration. Nor would the bluntly realistic Taft ever have publicly renounced war as a recourse of diplomacy, thus enlarging the enemy's field of inimical operations.

Finally, the rigorous Ohioan would not have been taken in by the schematic notion that the Republican Party needs "modernizing" from on high. That he would regard as the invention of an ideologue. To him issues made parties. He would not have found a sound fiscal policy and a tepid, imitative welfare-statism sufficiently salient issues upon which to base party reform.

The voter, he would say as he sometimes did, was entitled to a clearly differentiated choice between the parties. As a stout partisan, he was for party, or corporate, responsibility. He stood for the tripartite balance of powers. He opposed crypto-Socialism as he opposed Communist subversion, backing Senator McCarthy as a means to that end. He would find himself at odds today with many tendencies fashionable in Eisenhower's Washington.

European Days of Decision

The days of peaceful coexistence in Europe are gone, says our London correspondent. Russia will either extend its power or it will be expelled

F. A. VOIGT

The Hungarian insurrection is a part of the open or latent insurrectionary movement that extends from the Baltic to the Balkans. Communism as a doctrine is rejected by the overwhelming majority of the people, young and old, in that region. It is rejected thoroughly, radically, in all its forms and aspects.

The Hungarian revolution is not over. It has only begun. The nation remains undaunted. The armed revolt has been crushed, but it will break out afresh at the first opportunity. Passive resistance in the factories and on the land, constant strikes and demonstrations, disobedience to direct or indirect alien rule whenever disobedience is possible, open mockery of Marxist or Leninist indoctrination in the universities—these are some of the things which Soviet Russia has to deal with in Hungary and Poland. The same is true, in varying degree, of all European countries under Soviet domination. Russia has nothing left to rely upon except naked coercion.

The great insurrectionary movement is national but not nationalist, social but not socialist. All who are gripped by the movement—and that is, in every case, the entire nation, or very nearly so, and becoming wholly so—are libertarian in outlook, strongly conscious of belonging to the Western world. There is only one condition on which they would come to terms with Soviet Russia—that she withdraw from Europe entirely and forever. They reject Communism not merely as alien and oppressive, but also as loathsome and contemptible, as a leprosy of the soul.

The Poles play a leading part in the insurrectionary movement. Although by nature inclined to impetuosity, they have learned caution. They have, during the last few years, shown statesmanship that sometimes makes the statesmanship of the Western world seem fumbling and muddled by comparison.

For the first time, contact has been established between Poles and Germans. If the insurrection were to revive in Eastern Germany—where, in fact, it began more than three years ago, setting an example to all—it would have Polish support.

It is true that twenty-two Russian divisions are stationed in Eastern Germany. But while troops can crush insurrectionary outbreaks from time to time, they cannot prevent them from happening and recurring, and they are helpless in the presence of the deep, radical aversion which Communism engenders. Besides, there are signs—signs that were unmistakable in Hungary—that the Kremlin can no longer be sure of its own soldiers. Observers with long experience in the Soviet Union have remarked that Russian soldiers, who are mostly peasants, can be relied upon to fight for their country but not for more than their country. In Budapest, numbers of Russian soldiers saw with their own eyes and with delight that it was possible to kill Communists. And, for a time, some of them joined hands with the insurgents.

Polish-German Cooperation

Western Germans still obsessed with the material prosperity achieved in the Federal Republic seem to shrink from anything that smells of crisis or conflict. But there is a growing number of Germans who believe that the time is near for the Federal Republic to make big decisions. There are some who hold that action, independent of the Federal Government, may be necessary and that, if there is another revolt in Eastern Germany, it must be aided by German volunteers from the West, whether the Bonn Government likes it or not. They also hold that, in the event of a revolt, the Government must be forced to proclaim to the world the reunion of divided Germany and to declare the Communist Government of Eastern Germany a Government of usurpers. As for the former German territories east of the Oder and the Neisse, which are now under Polish administration, there is a growing belief, both in Germany and in Poland, that the final frontier must be established by agreement between the two countries when the common oppressor has been ejected. For the first time, there are signs that the ancient feud between Poles and Germans may be brought to an end.

We cannot foretell what the attitude of the Atlantic powers will be if the great insurrection breaks out afresh and if all of Germany is involved with or without the participation of the Federal Government. It would be presumptuous for anyone to assert what it ought to be. But it is necessary for the Western world to know what is happening and may yet happen; for that world will, in any case, be unable to stand aloof. Europe is moving towards a period of decision—decision between the two radical solutions: either the expulsion of Russia from Europe (together with the final extermination of Communism in Europe) or the consolidation and extension of Soviet power in Europe.

Role of Yugoslavia

The days of Peaceful Coexistence in Europe are over. Europe, as it was only a few weeks ago, has gone—never to return.

The cornerstone of the tyrannical order established by Soviet Russia from the Baltic to the Balkans is Yugoslavia or, rather, the Yugoslav Communist Party. The position of this

Party is unique, for it is maintained in power by America and Great Britain.

As already stated in NATIONAL REVIEW, the Yugoslav nation shares the spirit of the great insurrection. That nation is prevented from rising and overthrowing the Communist tyranny, not by the coercive power of the Party, not by the presence of Russian troops in neighboring countries, but by the conviction that to rise against Marshal Tito is to rise against America and Great Britain. This is the effect of American and British material and moral aid which the Yugoslav Communist state continues to receive.

It does not even follow that American and British aid should cease forthwith. But it does follow that the Yugoslav nation should have the assurance that America and Great Britain will not continue indefinitely to support the Communist state, that their aid is meant not for the state but for the nation; and that they will, in the event of a successful insurrection, give that nation, which will have extirpated Communism and broken (this time really *broken*) with Russia, no less aid and protection than they have been giving to the Communist state.

Any conceivable representative government in Yugoslavia will swing the whole nation over from the Russian into the Atlantic orbit, just as the government which was established by the national rising in March 1941 broke with the Third Reich and carried Yugoslavia into the war on the side of Great Britain.

Soviet Russia could not suppress a Yugoslav national insurrection any more than the Germans could. Were the Bolsheviks to invade Yugoslavia, they would start a war they could not win; even if they were to occupy the principal towns, the war would continue in the mountains. We have only to reflect on the resistance of the Hungarians in their relatively small and level country to realize the nature of the resistance the Yugoslavs could offer even to immensely superior armies in their vast, mountainous land. Besides, could America and Great Britain stand aloof while war was raging in the Balkans? Would the aid and the assurances they have given to the Yugoslav Communist state, which is implacably hostile to them, be denied to an insurgent nation, establishing a libertarian state and desiring to be associated, whether in peace or in war, with the Atlantic Alliance?

Mid-East Revolution

The fate of Europe is intimately associated with the fate of the Middle East.

Despite mistakes, despite a rather premature cease-fire in the Canal Zone, despite the precariousness of any authority which may be exercised in the Canal Zone by the UN, Great Britain and France have succeeded in separating not only the two principal combatants in the Middle East, Egypt and Israel, thereby averting, for the time being at least, a general Middle Eastern war; they have also divided the forces of the revolutionary movement which, in varying degrees of intensity, extends from furthest Indonesia.

It is necessary to point out that this revolution differs radically from the European insurrection—that it is nationalist, rather than national, socialist, rather than social, and, for the most part, deeply hostile to the Western world. It is not a movement of liberation; for all the countries involved have either been liberated or are on the point of achieving their independence. Far from being "anti-imperialist" and "anti-colonial," it has "imperialist" and "colonizing" appetites of its own: Egypt wishes to colonize the Sudan; all the Arab states desire the extinction of Israel; India desires Kashmir and Goa; Indonesia desires the annexation of New Guinea; and so on. And, finally, whereas the European insurrection is uncompromisingly anti-Communist and would, if successful, establish an insuperable barrier to Russian westward expansion, the revolution in Southern Asia, the Middle East and North Africa offers Soviet Russia vast possibilities of imperialist expansion.

This revolution has been deprived of its Egyptian leadership. Egypt has, as it were, been segregated. The Canal Zone, which is by far the most important strategic position in the Middle East, has been denied to Soviet Russia. The armed action taken by Great Britain and France was a signal defeat for Soviet Russia which was wholly unable to rally the Moslem states in defense of Egypt. The rulers of these states have been deeply impressed by this action, for it has shown that at least two Western powers are able to act swiftly and decisively by force of arms. The press and the public declarations of the Arab states give a different impression; but the fact is that the real prestige of Europe's Atlantic Allies has increased throughout the Middle East.

And in Britain

In Great Britain there is a perceptible swing of public opinion in favor of the Government—not despite but because of the armed action taken in the Canal Zone. There are signs that the national spirit has been stirred, especially among the younger generation. Certainly, the British pacifist movement, led by the Liberal and Labor Parties and by the Liberal and Labor press, is striving to undo what has been achieved. But British pacifism, after its powerful resurgence during the critical period, is now in retreat. There is even a growing sense of pride in Great Britain that she had the courage to act independently of the UN and of America and that she refuses to withdraw from the Zone until she can be sure that this position will be made secure against all possible enemies. If the UN fails in its task, as a result of Soviet and Egyptian pressure and of pacifist influence in Great Britain and the U.S., it may be necessary to take action again; for if this position is lost, the whole of the Middle East will be lost with it.

The rationing of petrol in Great Britain has given the nation a sense of big issues, of something that is not just talk. In the consciousness of the nation, rationing is inseparably associated with war and, for the first time since the end of the Second World War, there is a sense of gravity which the nation did not have even during the distant Korean War. The Hungarian insurrection has done the rest.

In the situation as it is today, Soviet Russia cannot incur the risks of nuclear war. If Europe and the Middle East are made secure against her, her exorbitant power will have been so reduced that she will never again be able to menace the Western world.

Letter From the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The Hungarian Leaven

The Hungarian refugees are slowly, very slowly, finding new homes. Time passes and with every day this amazing rebellion assumes an added meaning. Like the Grand Canyon, this event shows itself with every change of the sun's position in a different color. What remains permanently is the moral eclipse of the two English-speaking nations.

How far away is World War III? Even this is difficult to tell. Some of us in Europe think that it has started already, that the atomic bombs might be used only for the terrible finale, and that it will be essentially an endless chain of civil wars in which children, women and old people participate with the same alacrity as able-bodied men. If you bear in mind that armies of several thousand men are fighting in the Western Ukraine, *still* fighting (and this is no wild emigrant tale but a fact testified to unequivocally by a Soviet newspaper, *Tchervenny Praperets,* then the profile of future wars becomes discernible.

The Hungarian torch probably never will cease to burn, and the Magyars who will be ubiquitous in Western Europe are going to act as a leaven in certain countries of the Continent which are now slowly awakening from moral inertia. The Hungarian workers at Renault, at Schneider-Creuzot, in the Citroen works, at Krupp and Snia-Viscosa will tell of slavery and resurrection. For most of the Magyars will stay in Europe, and this is a very good thing. It will teach us over here all sorts of lessons—heroism, charity, cooperation and even unity.

Of course, this is a lesson that cannot be learned over night. Take the case of the young woman who now works in the Tyrol as an interpreter for refugees who do not speak a word of German, in a country where not a soul speaks Magyar. She was born in Hungary but has lived most of her life in Austria and has become used to the sweet, gentle though not too heroic ways of the Western life. Each time she has to translate the tales of the Magyars she is near collapse. For she interprets mothers who had given their blessings to grade-school daughters going to battle. She listens every day to men and women who, clad in rags and without the slightest apparent emotion, declare that, if they only had some arms, they would return immediately to destroy the invaders. These Magyars streaming into Austria are dazed by the wealth of the Western world, yet they are imperturbable.

Torrent of Demonstrators

The spirit of Hungary fires Austria. In Salzburg some two thousand boys and girls wanted to demonstrate against Communism with posters one of which read, "Hungarians are exterminated while America sleeps," and another, "Today it's Hungary—who's next?" But Salzburg's prefect of police forbade the demonstration because it might endanger Austria's neutrality. A curious decision because the prefect's boss, the Socialist Minister of the Interior, bravely stood up against all Russian threats. As it turned out, the police ukase was ineffective; the police were quite powerless against the demonstrators who, like a torrent, broke through their lines. In Vienna's Parliament the other day, a Communist deputy rose to talk about the reorganization of the homes for the blind. As soon as he opened his mouth, everybody immediately left. He was treated as a leper.

The Austrians are known as charming egotists, cautious, inhospitable and carefully nurturing their own interests. Yet their response to the plight of the Hungarians was magnificent. People offered their last shirt, their last bed, their last crumb of bread. The Austrian Chancellor demanded in a note the withdrawal of the Soviet armies from Hungary—a brave if futile gesture of a David without a slingshot.

On the far horizon of Europe there is the Egyptian imbroglio which checkmated the Hungarian Revolution. England has not been forgiven but, curiously enough, the judgment passed on France is different. Few people accuse the French. And whereas Britain's interests—if one can judge by the papers—are centered around the Suez, the French press speaks mostly about Hungary.

Chancellor Adenauer was warned by some Germans not to visit Mollet in Paris. He went nevertheless, and his presence pleased the French who felt that in these days of crisis the old German "hereditary enemy" was nearer to them than the nation Lafayette had befriended. *Der Alte,* who always had steered a francophile course, would not be swayed in an hour of decision. One could see the Chancellor in a press photo, lifting up his arms as if to conjure madness and evil, a truly gripping picture.

Eastern Germany, which three years ago tried to throw off the yoke, has been reluctant to stick its neck out again. The same cautious mood prevailed among the Czechs who—also in 1953—had been the first to build barricades (in Pilsen) and to fly the American flag. The Czechs are not dashing and chivalrous like the Hungarians or the Poles. They are not willing to risk their skins for the glory of history books.

In Poland, one of modern times' most fantastic combinations is crystallizing: a Titoist rules there only because a Cardinal is putting the brakes on an impatient people who brim with hatred for Russia and with contempt for the West. During recent manifestations in various Polish cities (Warsaw, Bromberg) the demonstrators shouted "Tito! Tito!" in chorus. This by no means implies a native enthusiasm for Josip Broz, but rather despair of the West: Tito has at least thrown his weight around, while the West keeps on exhausting itself in completely sterile United Nations resolutions.

THE IVORY TOWER

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

Winston Churchill, Assistant Professor of History

Mr. Russell Kirk and others have written with efficacious scorn on the curriculum of the state teachers' colleges, a degree from which is required of all who would teach in the nation's public schools. To these "colleges" a fresh and idealistic teacher must repair to learn about such matters as Life Adjustment, Team Identification, and the rest of the voodoo that grew out of Progressive Education and was quickly spotted by educational bureaucrats as infinitely easier to master than such anachronistic disciplines as history, mathematics, or languages.

I am optimistic about teachers' colleges. I think more and more responsible people in the academic world are getting their number. In due course, such educational agencies as the new Council on Basic Education will succeed in stripping the charlatans of their academic credentials; and then it will be a good clean struggle between education and a political interest group. The terms having been set straight, there is greater chance for the justification of the righteous.

There is another area in which fundamental reform—a reform of the spirit, more than anything else—is needed; and here there are no grounds for optimism. The situation was brought to mind by a professor whose credentials as historian are in exquisite order. He spoke of Churchill's most recent book. "It is first-rate Churchill," he said, puffing his pipe, "but it isn't history."

The formulation is ancient, but as serviceable as ever ("It's first-rate Landowska, but it's not Bach," and so on): it allows the user to merge tribute and condescension, and it is guaranteed to attract more attention to the critic than to the performer. That professor is a prototype. He and others like him command academic fortresses all over the land. Indirectly—and perhaps unconsciously—they work to deprive education of spontaneity, of boisterousness, of grace, or imagination—of *fun*—There! I said it and I'm glad.

Specialization, plus this kind of academic priggishness, have dire results. Doctorate requirements encourage young scholars to move in on a little field and more or less take it over. I know a man whose doctorate thesis will consist in an examination of the sugar trade between Havana and Florida between 1850 and 1870. The rationale is not that the subject of his thesis is itself grounds for a lifetime's intellectual preoccupation, but that by devoting so much attention and care to the study of a single grain of sand, one learns the technique and skills necessary to master whole islands of knowledge.

All too often, however, professionals trained in this way apply the sugar-trade criterion to everything to which they turn, and simply haven't the time, at that rate, to turn to very much. So they end up exercising their frustration on those who look at history not through a microscope, but through the wide end of a telescope—gliding over a bush or a ridge here, but seeing the whole, and getting somewhere. Add to this the exasperation of the scholar at the man who writes histories *on the side,* and one understands most of what went into the crabbed comment about Churchill's book.

The men I am talking about are by no means unintelligent or lazy, as are so many of their counterparts in the teachers' colleges. But they are formalists, and often they are mean-spirited. It is they who refuse to promote college professors, however brilliantly they teach, unless they fulfill the requirements (mostly the publication of ponderous matter) the academic abstractionists have arbitrarily prescribed as necessary for full pay and full recognition. Again, the formalists are liable to be moved by rank envy and spite against those of their fellows who have a moderate success outside the academic world, to criticize their colleagues fiercely, and to justify their carping in the name of an honorable concern for scholarly integrity.

I know a man so gifted that as a freshman at college he was writing articles (under an assumed name, of course) for the academic quarterlies. After graduating, he pursued his studies abroad; everywhere he won honors, and was greeted with delight by his teachers and colleagues.

He enrolled as a teacher in a major college and devoted himself, on the side, to writing a book. In due course it was published—and misfortune struck. It was so brilliant, so sweeping, so beautifully crafted that it caught the attention of non-professionals, who praised it highly.

Poor man! They started in on him. He became the victim of the kind of sneaky disparagement—merciless and vile beyond the understanding of laymen—of which academicians are masters. They will not soon forgive this scholar his transgression. Just as they have not yet forgiven Will Durant for writing a book about the history of philosophy that sold hundreds of thousands—instead of the respectable hundreds—of copies. Will Durant was written off by his fellows as a popularizer, as a man who had turned his back on the ideals of his profession.

The formalists want item-by-item compliance with the requirements and protocols of the Establishment, just as the overlords of Progressive Education insist that one pass a course in school hygiene before one is allowed to teach music. Some scholars without the degrees, but of extraordinary proficiency, can infiltrate the academic Establishment. The spectacularly successful layman, however, must storm the barricades, and penetrate the academic fastness frontally. Churchill's history of Marlborough was scorned by the professionals as a venture in genealogical apologetics. But even then, Churchill *might* have been allowed to teach history at Columbia, if he had wanted to and if he played his cards right. But, alas, most probably he would have been made to feel like an intruder; and his colleagues' anxiety for the welfare of Professor Churchill's students would have added sorely to their troubles.

ARTS and MANNERS

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

Alice in Kafkaland

In the contemporary version, or rather perversion, of British whimsy, Alice goes slumming in Kafkaland. The dear little girl has grown insufferably sophisticated, oozes Existentialism at breakfast, outsmarts the *New Yorker* at cocktail hour and collapses from ennui at curtain time. Judging by what Broadway is importing this year from London, naughty little Alice deserves a spanking.

Nobody is going to tell me that the British are in a fit of *Weltschmerz.* I know them. They are, for evermore, the most provincial and least frightened people on earth. They can't tell a complex from an aspidistra and, as far as the British are concerned, Kafka is a Central European kind of sausage. Whenever Messrs. Cyril Connolly and Angus Wilson turn their attention to the modish horrors of mental and sexual pathology, I squirm —not so much because these gentlemen tend to exaggerate the impropriety involved, but because such things simply are not done. In England, that is. Each time an Englishman turns naughty and does what he mustn't do, the thing ends up as a childish prank, and not a very amusing one. Alice cuts a poor figure in Kafkaland. And it's about time somebody told her so.

That I have to tell her this apropos a minor offering (*Cranks,* written by John Cranko, music by John Addison, at the Bijou Theater) is not my fault. This musical revue in two acts and thirty numbers is indubitably one of the more impressive intellectual efforts sent over this year from London. Yet it is not good enough. In fact, it—well, it doesn't actually stink, but it smells. It smells (to put it mildly) of undigested sophistication, greasy wit, and utterly stale champagne.

And yet, *Cranks* is one of the rare interesting evenings on Broadway. The versatility of four magnificent performers (Miss Annie Ross and Messrs. Hugh Bryant, Gilbert Vernon and, especially, Anthony Newley) indicates what a joy contemporary theater could be if only contemporary writers had a fraction of the grace that so many contemporary actors possess. These four young people radiate exuberant talent. But their very exuberance ultimately destroys their material: The more competent actors grow, the more surely will they expose the shoddiness of our "creative" writers. It is like the increasing refinement of modern hosiery which, alas, only shows off the preponderance of bad legs.

Before the curtain goes up, the mood of the evening is set by a musical overture which sounds as if Bela Bartok had been hired by Mr. Michael Todd to produce some musical background for a William Saroyan picture. It sounds, that is, like a ballet for cockroaches—nice, if you appreciate that sort of thing, and slightly nauseating otherwise. Fortunately (for me), the overture is short, soon the curtain goes up and the four talented actors take over. What follows are thirty altogether unrelated snapshots of human situations. Or, rather, what the run-of-the-mill British *avant-gardist* considers to be human situations—schizophrenia and that kind of rot, you know.

If only it hadn't this venerable odor of All Soul's College, Oxford! Few things are so revolting (to me, at least) as middle-aged dons engaged in a public display of Be-Bop. Particularly if those dons can't dance. And the texts the four fine actors are supposed to use for their acts of madness are downright pathetic. (One anguished note I find scribbled on my theater program: " . . . I ask the tree—Will he—Be mine?" Another: " . . . When we broke up—We didn't really realize—Until we woke up.") This won't do. A Kafka who can't write is one hell of a bore.

When the lights went on for the intermission, I noticed that a young man in the second row orchestra, center, had taken off his jacket and was enjoying the show dressed in a parrot-yellow sweater such as I have never seen before. I first thought he was a hired stooge, but a perfunctory glance at the audience proved beyond any doubt that Greenwich Village is always with us and, more importantly, can currently afford up to $13.80 for a pair of tickets (not including broker's commission). For a second I even thought that *Cranks* might be a realistic view of modern life after all, what with all these remarkable creatures around me, but then I noticed that most of these prosperous *avant-gardists* were family men who, somehow, had got the notion that it is smart to look freakish.

To return to the show on stage, it continued to cover the waterfront, from romance in the graveyard to ordinary chiromancy, run-of-the-mill rape, plain blabbering idiocy and common fetishism. The boredom of seeing duplicated on the stage what surrounds us in every-day humdrum-life was occasionally relieved by the funny capriciousness of the four actors who, bless them, can pick a laugh off a heap of manure. There are, in fact, several hilarious moments in *Cranks.* And most of them are produced, not by the altogether witless author, but by Mr. Anthony Newley who is an incarnation of deadpan and the insane understatement.

It could have been, come to think of it, a pleasant evening if the whole affair had been divested of its pretentiousness. That is, if *Cranks,* cut down to about thirty minutes, had been presented late at night in a little off-beat cabaret, with no other intention but to add a fillip to one more drink of whisky (or, better still, pernod). The trouble with *Cranks* is the immature arrogance that shines through its many holes.

Granted that the intellectual's world is habitually full of zombies. But they are laughable (and, indeed, they *are* laughable) only when shown off as the little private hallucinations they are, as synthetic spooks, worth no more than a smart crack in a cabaret. Granted that man is menaced, beneath the wafer-thin surface of life's serenity, by the insane hounds of hell. Yet let no one dare conjure them up but the haunted artist, the tragic victim of a desperate integrity! Those little teasers who professionally engage in tickling our raw nerves give me nothing but a pain in the neck—and not even a good laugh in the theater.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Writer's Know-Nothingism

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The life of Jack London is one of the most fascinating stories in the history of American letters. Long before Richard Hofstader gave currency to the term, London formulated the theory of Social Darwinism. A self-educated man, he bit off huge chunks of crude evolutionary theory which he crossed at once with Nietzscheanism and Marxism. He did this all within the space of a few months of cramming, trying desperately to make up for years in which he never went to school. In between his studies he worked in canning factories, laundries and power plants. He was an oyster pirate on San Francisco Bay, he sailed before the mast on a sealer, he beat his way by freight across the continent, and he took a flier as a prospector in the Klondike. Life, to him, was raw—and he came easily to a tooth-and-claw socialism as the answer to what seemed to him a capitalism fit only for wolves and bears.

Reading *Jack London's Tales of Adventure,* an anthology prepared by London's nephew Irving Shepard (Hanover House, $4.95), one is impressed anew by London's ability to dramatize ideas in conflict. Here, once again, is the brilliant prognostication of Fascism in selections from *The Iron Heel.* Here the strikers spout their soap-box Marxism in *The Valley of the Moon.* Here Martin Eden drowns himself when his intense individualism is carried over into a socialism that fails to give him the philosophical calmness and emotional surcease which he had been seeking. Here Wolf Larsen, the materialist skipper of the *Ghost*, shouts his Nietzschean song to the Pacific moon. And here, also, are many other things from London's sprawling work—autobiographical bits from *John Barleycorn,* journalistic probings into the problem of poverty *(The People of the Abyss),* the joyous account of hobo days with Kelly's Army in the big depression of the nineties, and a wide variety of short stories.

To anyone who has revelled in London in adolescence the whole tumultuous panorama is a joy to revisit. But it is a little sobering to recall that London's socialism was ever taken seriously, especially by one's self. As an adventurer Jack London was true blue, the real McCoy and all wool and a yard wide. But as a socialist he was—just an adventurer. Socialism was part of the fun of the times, and Jack London was all for having fun.

London was always spoiling for a fight. If he took a job shovelling coal he would try to do the work of ten men. When he wrote he would sit at the typewriter at nine in the morning and pound away until midnight. Marching with Kelly's hobo army through Iowa in the nineties, he had to be with the front-runner hoboes who skimmed the cream from the countryside before the other tramps got a whack at it. Boating in the Klondike, he would dare a whirlpool, a rapid or a narrow gorge where other men would stick to a safe-and-sane portage; the saving of a few hours in travel was worth a narrow brush with death.

So where did the socialism come in? It was lugged in as the final adventure of an adventurous epoch. Like Bernard Shaw, London preached socialism—and behaved like an entrepreneurial genius bent on getting the last bit of leverage from a nickel. He made money easily and spent it like the drunken sailor he sometimes was. The trick was to plow the money back into more adventure, then to write about the adventure to make more money. There was the adventure of building his own boat, which cost him a fortune for a sieve that somehow managed to breast the Pacific to the South Seas. There was the adventure of the ranch house, built "for a thousand years" in Glen Ellen in the Valley of the Moon—a wonderful, wonderful house which burned down before Jack and his wife Charmian could move in. Hundreds and hundreds of dollars for adventure, for individualism — and hardly a penny for the masses who were, theoretically, the objects of all of London's thinking.

What London couldn't see was that American capitalism in his day had finally paid off. It gave him the opportunity to escape from the treadmill into his South Seas adventuring. It gave Jack Reed, son of a famous local marshal on the West Coast, the money to go to Harvard—and then to Mexico, the Paterson strike, and the Kremlin. It provided Lincoln Steffens with a happy childhood (spent largely on horseback) and an education in Germany. It enabled George Cram Cook, Susan Glaspell, Hutchins Hapgood, Floyd Dell and innumerable other Bohemians to spend idyllic summers on Cape Cod in between mounting the barricades for the proletariat or going off to Greece to live like peasants of the time of Socrates. Capitalism was paying off in leisure for masses, classes —and writers—but neither London nor Jack Reed nor Lincoln Steffens nor Floyd Dell could see what was happening under their noses. They were wrapped up in the Last Adventure—the adventure of the Final Struggle of the Class War. They wanted fun and excitement, even at the price of Revolution.

Maybe what it all proves is that man doesn't want Utopia; he seems to like struggle for its own sake. But the careers of a whole intellectual generation—the Londons, Upton Sinclairs, Steffenses, Floyd Dells and Jack Reeds—raise still another question: Have Writers Brains? Does the ability to put sentences in marching order or to create a semblance of logic in the marshalling of "evidence" necessarily mean that intelligence is present? The answer would seem to be No.

The issue has its pertinence at a time when it is frequently alleged in learned and artistic circles that a recrudescence of Know-Nothingism is menacing the intellectuals. If Know-Nothingism is a threat, it is not something that comes from the depths, or—in London's words—the "people of the abyss."

It is something that is already there, right in the intellectuals' heads.

Personal Criticism

A Gathering of Fugitives, by Lionel Trilling. 167 pp. Boston: Beacon Press. $1.45

In the best literary magazines — whether England's *Encounter,* France's *Table Ronde,* any of America's quarterlies, or the *New Yorker* —the back, or "book-review," section continues to be the liveliest. The stories, the verse, the serialized fiction, which are presumably a magazine's *raison d'être,* are almost invariably tame, dutiful, unoriginal and very dull. But now and then, a "book review" will show zest, invention, real risk, and the quality of arrogance which means the writer has tapped the authority of his *own* experience.

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I doubt if this is because, as we are constantly told, ours is merely an Alexandrian Age of Criticism, an epoch in decline, in which "creative" energy is exhausted and men can only analyze someone else's texts. I think it simply means that ours, more and more, is an age of individuals gone underground. This is an age in which a man who wants to speak for himself is regarded as self-absorbed, subjective, and without community-consciousness. Behind an editorial "we," or a statistical "you," he is respected. But if, with calculated candor, he only wants to say, "It was thus with me," he will find himself called an eccentric, a misfit, a nonconformist, an un-progressive, even a fascist. So, when he must stick his neck out, he finds it less conspicuous to do so in a book review. Here, in the context of someone else's book, he can say things about his own hopes and follies, nightmares and daydreams, which would be condemned in a "story" or a "poem."

This new collection of Lionel Trilling's "fugitives" is a good case in point. Though most of them originated as humble book reviews, they are all fresh and viable in this sense: the voice uttering them is a unique living man's, and not an anonymous, official anybody's. Discussing Robert Graves, Dickens, *Ethan Frome,* he tells us the private story of his relation to reading them. Apropos of Edmund Wilson, he spends several paragraphs describing how, as an aspiring young writer, Trilling used to watch the light in Wilson's Bank Street apartment, and what this meant to him. "I speak of him in a personal way," he says, "because he had so personal an effect on me." And I could not help thinking, if Mr. Trilling had been able to speak equally personally in his novel, *The Middle of the Journey,* or his short stories, the results would have been less—well, "fictional."

But Lionel Trilling is not an isolated instance. Last year, a similar collection of Leslie Fiedler's reviews revealed, in the same way, a warm, intimate man which *his* own fiction had been denying. The late James Agee, as well as John Berryman, Kenneth Rexroth, Rayner Heppenstall, W. H. Auden, and Glenway Wescott—to name only a scattered half dozen at random—have hidden some of their brightest light under this same homely bushel.

ROGER BECKET

Liberal "Mea Culpa"

Individual Freedom and Governmental Restraints, by Walter Gellhorn. 215 pp. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press. $3.75

In recent years, a revolution has been taking place in America: our Liberals have been discovering liberty. In the thirties and forties, the Liberals rode high in joyous command of the state, scoffing at the outmoded bourgeois concept of freedom as "freedom to starve," and urging its replacement by the new "positive freedom" of state-guaranteed security and the More Abundant Life. But now that "security" is apt to mean going after subversives rather than unemployment insurance, the Left is growing wary. It has begun to realize that Big Government can curb "progressives" as well as "reactionaries." Unfortunately, the Right, erstwhile champion of liberty, has been proportionately succumbing to the lure of state power.

Walter Gellhorn, Professor of Law at Columbia University, one of the VIP's of the Liberal Establishment, has here written perhaps the best book in the Left's new quest for liberty. For he goes beyond the well-worn clichés about loyalty oaths and the need for nonconformity, and actually grapples with specific cases and fundamental issues. Here is an excellent discussion of the present battle for liberty on three fronts: administrative deportation and passport decrees; book censorship and obscenity restrictions; the neglected field of occupational licensing.

In each area, Gellhorn wades in with a vigorous attack on governmental tyranny: One of the original champions of "administrative law" cries *mea culpa* and calls for judicial review. Most surprising is Gellhorn's discovery of *economic* liberty. Brilliantly, he attacks occupational licensing as a monopolistic return to the medieval guild system, and even includes a criticism of union apprentice rules. In fact, he makes so bold as to laud free competition and (shades of Herbert Spencer!) a "society of contract" as against a "society of status"!

Of course, we can't expect the revolution to be complete: administrative economic decrees are still tolerated, and courts are still exhorted to leave legislation alone. There is no realization that *selection* by a public school or library, while inevitably creating conflicts, cannot be called "censorship." But these are minor flaws. For the really disturbing question about Gellhorn is: how many rightwingers support liberty as thoroughly as he does?

MURRAY N. ROTHBARD

News for the Fathers

The American Revolution Considered as a Social Movement, by J. Franklin Jameson. 105 pp. Boston: Beacon Press. $.85

John Franklin Jameson, who died in 1937, was the man who put American history on a mass production basis. As organizer and administrator, he built the American Historical Association, ran the Carnegie Institution's Department of Historical Research, managed the *American Historical Review*, and coordinated government archives.

Among the little writing he had time for, these four 1925 lectures, here reprinted in paperback with an introduction by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., are his most notable work. They express, in a pleasantly readable prose, the historical ideas that went naturally with history transformed into big business: 1) an abandonment of formal political and military schema in favor of broad interest in all aspects of "everyday life," an approach that brought much fresh data to the surface and also provided endless subjects for Ph.D. dissertations; 2) a dilute economic determinism that prepared the road for the still reigning dogmas of the Academy, and for the welfare state. As the latter has summarized in Jameson's words, "the doctrine which underlies the present lecture is that political democracy came to the United States as a result of economic democracy." Well, that would certainly have been news to the Fathers.

JAMES BURNHAM

REVIEWED IN BRIEF

The Early Christian Fathers, edited and translated by Henry Bettenson. 424 pp. New York: Oxford University Press. $4.00

A few resolute theologians have, no doubt, read all of the Fathers of the Church: Migne's *Patrologia,* which is not quite complete, contains 221 volumes of Latin and 165 volumes of Greek. Even the Ante-Nicene Fathers bulk large and seldom write with clarity and grace. Mr. Bettenson has assembled and translated from eleven early writers short sections which deal with basic doctrinal questions. The translations are clearly the work of an expert; the notes are both learned and concise. This is a convenient and valuable conspectus of the beliefs of orthodox Christians before the Council of Nicaea began the authoritative formulation of dogma.

The Centuries of Santa Fé, by Paul Horgan. 363 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.00

Mr. Horgan has rather brilliantly summarized the history of Santa Fé from 1620 to the present by creating a series of partly fictitious or composite characters whose personal experiences lend a certain detailed realism to the narrative. The first third of the book is inevitably the best part, for despite a certain studied understatement our admiration goes out spontaneously to the men of iron from Spain who forced their way into a vast and lonely land and, few though they were, made it their own.

The Push-Button World, edited by E. M. Hugh-Jones. 158 pp. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. $3.75

Let Erma Do It, by David O. Woodbury. 305 pp. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. $5.00

The first of these books is primarily concerned with England, the second with the United States, but both provide sober and readable discussions of the application of fully automatic machinery in manufacturing and business. Mr. Woodbury, after pointing out that in the coming decade automation will do no more than make up the deficit in labor that would otherwise occur if the work-week is stabilized at forty hours, glances briefly at the real problem: Is it desirable, or even safe, to allow much leisure to a numerically large segment of a nation? Is it not true that for most people leisure becomes nothing more than idleness and induces a chronic laziness which soon becomes biological deterioration?

Queen of the Golden Age: The Fabulous Story of Grace Wilson Vanderbilt, by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. 312 pp. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $4.75

These sprightly memoirs offer a gay and, on the whole, favorable picture of the opulent society that was destroyed to appease the envy of the masses. Although one may question the stability of a social order based on fluid capital rather than land, one has the impression that New York, had it not been for that surrender, might in two or three generations have produced an aristocracy to replace the one uprooted when the South was sacked and looted in 1865.

The Best Science-Fiction Stories and Novels: 1956, edited by T. E. Dikty. 256 pp. New York: Frederick Fell. $3.50

The finest prose of nineteenth-century Romanticism is unquestionably to be found in stories of the supernatural, from Gautier's *Clarimonde* and De Maupassant's *Le Horla* to Poe's *Ligeia* and Edith Wharton's *Mr. Jones.* Contemporary Romanticism continues this tradition with only a few changes in detail: warlocks have been replaced by physicists and vampires by Martians. Yet the one "novel" (58 pages) carries the fantastic to utter absurdity. The one really finished story is a character study of a man who, subjected in his youth to the inexhaustible nastiness of the common man, finds that a chance discovery has given him the power to decide the future of mankind. Two other stories are worth reading. The rest fail signally to realize the literary possibilities of a genre in which the marvellous may be used to intensify the human.

(Reviewed by Revilo Oliver)

To the Editor

A Christian Scientist on the Monitor

As authorized spokesman for several hundred members of the Christian Science Church, and also as an enthusiastic subscriber to NATIONAL REVIEW, my hearty congratulations to Willmoore Kendall for "The Printed Word" column in your November 17 issue.

Of course, much more could be said about the current editorial policy of the *Christian Science Monitor* than that it is dull; but that is a good beginning. The tragedy is that this dullness is an effect of the attempt to keep Christian Scientists in the dark as to what Editor Canham and his cohorts are up to: namely, betraying the ideals of their religion and its Founder by using this once-great newspaper as an advanced salient of the Liberal Establishment's march toward international socialism.

Laguna Beach, Cal. JOHN V. WATSON
Executive Secretary,
The ARK Foundation, Inc.

Birthday Greetings

May I tender my congratulations and best wishes for the future on this occasion of the first anniversary of our magazine, "that blue-bordered haven in the desert of slanted news." I say "our magazine" because in a very special way it is ours in that it has given widespread expression to the beliefs and yearnings of millions of us who see only bleak years ahead should the Liberal machine continue the unhampered, unfettered, unopposed existence which it had in great extent before you came into the field.

Washington, D.C. THOMAS MCGILL

Congratulations on your first full year of publication. . . . I formerly read that some people have read magazines from cover to cover. Frankly I doubted this. My doubts have been dispelled by NATIONAL REVIEW.

I was particularly delighted to read the article "Confidential: Among Ourselves" [December 1]. Where has there appeared such a mixture of humor, humanity, and mildly pungent sarcasm? If the spirit that seeps through to the reader is half as high as it appears, then your office must be a very pleasant place to work.

Mineola, N.Y. BROTHER FRANK MULLAN

NATIONAL REVIEW has never joined that pile of unread magazines. It could never be brushed off by saying, "I just can't read everything." Since it has a special and vital appeal for its readers, each weekly issue demands immediate reading. . . .

Congratulations on a most successful first year. . . .

Forest Hills, N.Y. MRS. A. E. BONBRAKE

The Price of Boredom

Having been reading NATIONAL REVIEW for some months now, I am finding it duller and duller. But perhaps your magazine has not really been changing in character; rather, it was quite dull from the beginning. . . .

[five days later]

. . . However, you misunderstand in writing that I have dropped my subscription. Having paid for one year, I intend to go on receiving NATIONAL REVIEW.

New York City NAME WITHHELD

Humor in Our Age

After reading Mr. Schlamm's comments in the November 17 issue I found writing to you a physiological need. How does one compliment another who gives enjoyment? Does he quote lines showing the instance of the enjoyment or does he draw a synthesis of appeal? He does both but I shall ignore both. Let it be said that his column gives me belly laughs. . . . It would be false for me to say I agree with all of Mr. Schlamm's opinions, though there "exists a large area of congruity," as the *Times* would have it. . . . I do not think I would discard Shaw as a recorder "of accidental conversation in a café" for he is, at least, entertaining, which is a monumental achievement of the era. . . .

I decided to write when I read Mr. Schlamm's comments on Shaw and then this last issue came [November 24] and I wanted to write to each member of the staff. . . . When you see Buckley, or Bozell, or Phelps, or Oliver (ah, there is a pessimistic one!) please express my approval. . . .

Teaneck, N.J. BRIAN MCCARTHY

On the Conflict of Rights

The article by Frank Meyer in the November 10 issue . . . is the clearest explanation of "Freedom of Speech" vs. "Prudence" (present danger) that I have ever read. Please pat him on the back for me.

HARRY GITTINGS, JR.
San Francisco, Cal.

Titoism and the Free World

Would you accept, please, my deepest gratitude for your fine review of Mr. C. L. Sulzberger's book, *The Big Thaw* [Nov. 17]? Once more, you have opened the eyes of the American people and enabled them to understand the true meaning of Titoism in the world.

For us Yugoslavs, Titoism is the most dangerous form of Communism. . . . Communists may only differ in the application of their methods to reach the goal they commonly pursue. Now, the question is: will the free world fight against the Communist methods—called, also, "different roads to socialism"—or will it fight the Communist ideology and the aims it tries to reach? If all roads lead to Communist domination of the world, shall we put obstacles only against that of Moscow and leave open that of Tito?

By the way, the word "Titoism" was invented by some correspondents in the West. In Yugoslavia there is not Titoism, but only orthodox Communism which, being sustained by some Westerners, is more efficient in spreading the seed of Communism in the world than that of the Kremlin.

FORMER YUGOSLAV DIPLOMAT
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Santa's in the Dumps

It was a pleasant surprise to find out that Santa Claus is a reader of NATIONAL REVIEW [back cover, Nov. 17]! But poor Santa looks so sour-faced. He must have discovered that he no longer is the world's largest distributor of gifts. . . .

Pittsburgh, Pa. EDWARD L. RILEY

HOW LONG SHOULD A BUREAUCRAT'S LEGS BE?

A MAN'S legs are the proper length when they just touch the ground. But somehow the legs of this bureaucrat in Washington just grew and grew and grew.

Why are his legs longer? It comes from vaulting over ponds of inefficiency and waste instead of draining them. From swashbuckling through red tape instead of cutting it.

It's small wonder that the bureaucrat can't devote his full attention to the many projects that cross his desk.

Too many purely local projects are planned and executed in Washington—by bureaucrats far removed from the local scene, out of touch with local problems, too busy grappling with their unique occupational hazards.

How can we lick this problem? Simpler than one might think!

The answer lies in restoring to local governments the initiative they once possessed to plan and execute local projects. It means leaving to the Federal government only those functions that are legitimately theirs. Not only would this help eliminate waste, confusion and red tape, but it also would restore confidence to government.

It would bring government closer to the people, overcome the inefficiency that plagues big government, put government on a more solid footing.

Democracy can thrive only in a close relationship between the electorate and the elected. And only in this way can we maintain the vigilance democracy demands.

The Timken Roller Bearing Company
Canton 6, Ohio